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A key to survival

Margret Hofmann

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A Key to **SURVIVAL**

By **MARGRET HOFMANN**

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By

MARGRET HOFMANN

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**A Key to
SURVIVAL**
BY MARGARET HORMAN

Dedicated to my mother
who became a victim of
man's inhumanity to man—
and to parents everywhere.

Cover Pictures: Dresden, Germany

I hope that my occasionally improper use of the English language may be compensated for by the graveness of the concerns which move me to express myself.

PROLOGUE

There is no Alternative to Peace.

—Dwight D. Eisenhower



This is Heidi, my youngest. She has just learned to walk. Every few minutes she makes her way over to where I am sitting and leans her little head on me as though to strengthen herself for new adventures. In her dark brown eyes there is reflected such absolute confidence in me that I am obliged to ask myself: What have I done, and what am I doing to insure a happy and peaceful future for her, her brother and her sisters?

Again and again, when I attempt to visualize this future I cannot help but see myself in the ruins of what once must have been a court of law, and my children accusing me:

"You were a free citizen in a free country, so why did you not speak up? You knew as few American citizens did what happens to a people who will accept their government's policies without making their opinions known! You told us how our grandmother was deported and killed. Then, as we grew older, you explained that such crimes against humanity came to pass because people had not spoken up in protest while there was still time. As we understand it, when the gas chambers were being built it was too late to object. But, years later, when

the H-bombs were constructed, poison gases developed, medical doctors, in defiance of the Hippocratic oath they once took, helped produce materials for use in biological warfare, and when the application of all these instruments of death was threatened, you, with your background, why did you not realize that it was your moral obligation to protest?

"You had us get polio shots; you had us vaccinated. You spared no effort to give us a happy childhood. You provided us with a clean home and with a healthy diet. But the milk you urged us to drink was radioactively contaminated! Why did you not realize that, while you gave money to the cancer fund, you also, by your silence, contributed to the *creation* of cancer through the testing of nuclear bombs?

"You knew the horrors of war! It was your duty, in a free society, to voice your concern and your protest, not only among your friends, but where the people responsible for shaping the destiny of our country could hear you.

"As we understand it, your parents and their generation, in Germany, did not speak up because they were 'too busy', or because they were afraid of losing their jobs. You knew too, however, that this lack of courage, and this apathy, later cost them at first their freedom, and then their very lives.

"You put Eichmann on trial without recognizing that you were hardly less guilty than he had been because you stood by, silently, while the gas chambers of the atomic age were being built, gas chambers large enough to entomb every human being on earth. Why did you not speak up?"

Today I hope to do just that.

CHAPTER I

Memories of Limited War

*No man outlives the grief of war
Though he outlives its wreck.
Upon his memories a scar
Through all the years will ache.
Hopes will revive when horrors cease,
And dreaming dread be stilled.
But there shall dwell within his peace
A sadness unannulled.*

—William Soutar

Had anyone told me twenty years ago that some day I would have a family with whom I might live in freedom, comfort, peace, and safety, I would have doubted his sanity. In those days I did not believe in any kind of a future. All of us lived from day to day, from one bomb shelter visit to the next. Our standard reply to "How are you?" was: "Still alive," or: "Surviving".

Today, my memories of the war are becoming ever more vivid. I recognize many parallels between now and then, and the more clearly I see them, the more clearly I am beginning to understand my responsibility, namely to make available to the citizens of the United States, my knowledge, solidly based on personal experience, of the relationship between the *theory* and the *reality* of war.

I would not be so terrified, so strongly moved to share my concerns with my fellow Americans, if I did not find ever more similarities between our present attitude of theorizing, and the attitude adopted in pre-war Germany. Only then, hardly anybody dared raise a warning voice! But now, in the United States, we dare and we must.

One lesson in particular my native country taught me: If you do not speak up when you believe that you have a justified concern, soon you will no longer be able to make your voice heard!

What I am about to relate are facts, not horror stories. This is reality, not theory. Oh, I could write about theory, too. We also had our civil defense drills. When I was a little girl

in school, every so often, during classes, the bell would ring, and we would file into the basement, to return to our rooms a few minutes later. So, when the bombs fell, we would be safe in our basements . . . It's a good thing then, that, when the bombs did fall it happened during the night when we were at home. The school, the street it was on, the whole neighborhood had burned down!



And we were issued gas masks. For six years hardly ever did I venture anywhere, on a trip, to school, or only to a store, without taking my gas mask with me. One time I did forget it, and this oversight nearly cost me my life. In a most awful air raid, I almost suffocated. Not of poison gases; never of those. But of smoke and dust.

We were admonished to move valuables from the higher stories to the lower ones, if possible, since they were likely to be safer there. So we did just that. And what happened? The fourth floor remained intact, while the first floor burned out . . . We were advised to remain inside of our shelters until the all-clear sounded, but after the worst raids we had to use our own judgment anyway, because, naturally, the sirens were knocked out of order, too.



*Theory on the facing page; reality above:
Two Civil Defense officials, suffocated,
in spite of their gas masks.*

Ah, for all that theory which put us teenagers into such an eager and adventurous mood! We were taught, if an incendiary bomb hits, to rush up to it before it bursts into flame and to toss it someplace where it would do no damage. But it wasn't long before these bombs were outfitted with a small quantity of an explosive, and, after a few blown off hands, that was the end of *that* theory. This little illustration, however, serves to make a very important point: *War is unpredictable. As soon as we believe we have a foolproof defense system, the enemy, whoever he may be, simply by being just a bit more clever or gruesome than expected, pulls the rug out from under it.*

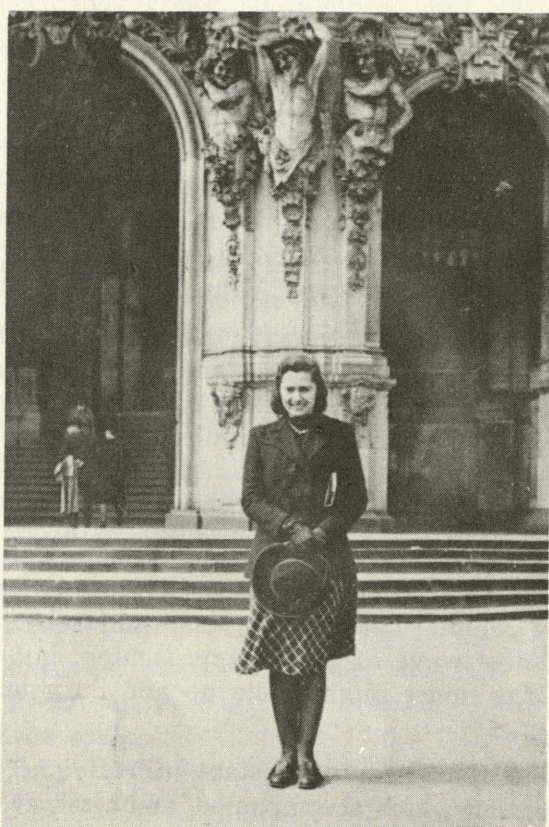
So, after years of air raids, fear, and ruins wherever I looked, my greatest desire was to move to a city untouched by bombs. I was obsessed with the longing for a place which was undemolished, which still had streets, where the buildings were intact. I was fortunate to find work in just such a city. Its name was Dresden, one of the most beautiful cities on earth. Instead of smoldering ruins, here were clean streets, well kept lawns, buildings with unbroken windows. In fact, the sirens did not wail often for months at a time, because Dresden was so located that no planes on their way to other cities needed to pass over. Though this late in the war opera performances were forbidden, one could still go to indoor and outdoor concerts, or join sight seeing tours through the world famous and historical parts of the city. One could even take a cruise down the Elbe. Somehow, the war seemed far away.

Here, away from heavy industry, surrounded by art treasures, castles and cathedrals perhaps unsurpassed in their multitude and magnitude anywhere in Europe, I felt safe. And so did most other people, as evidenced by the fact that there were no public bomb shelters in Dresden such as one could have found in every other large city. On this city devoid of military targets, no enemy would waste his bombs! There were only a few signs which read: "To the Elbe", and: "To the Park", so that in case of fire or danger of suffocation, people would know which way to turn.

The peace time population of Dresden was about 600,000. Toward the end of the war this figure had probably nearly doubled. For one thing Dresden, as an undestroyed city, offered



The Author in Dresden.



shelter to many people who had become homeless through raids on other parts of the country. Then, since Dresden was beautifully situated and enjoyed a very agreeable climate, it was the site of innumerable hospitals and sanatoriums and, since nothing could possibly happen to Dresden, camps full of children who had been evacuated from industrial cities could be found everywhere. Also, the city was swamped with refugees from those sections of Germany which had already been captured by the Russians. When finally there was nowhere else to go, and the hotels and private homes had filled up, they camped by the thousands on the bare floors of public buildings.

I lived in a suburb six miles from the center of town, halfway between Dresden and Meissen. On the evening of February 13, 1945, twelve weeks before the end of the war, I was downtown, waiting for a streetcar to take me home from night school. Fortunately for me and for everybody else awaiting transportation, the 9:30 car appeared. If it hadn't, as very often it didn't run, I wouldn't be sitting here now.

The warning came when we were only about a mile from where I was rooming. The streetcar stopped as was customary at the first sound of a siren, and everybody would either walk, or ask for shelter in a nearby building. I took my time. Why hurry? Nothing had ever happened during the 5½ years of the war. But when I heard an unusually great number of planes above me (to this day the sound of planes at a particular altitude, at night, terrifies me) and saw something like fireworks not too far away, I finally ran as fast as I could.

At the beginning of every major air raid the first planes to arrive at the scene would place flares, "Christmas trees" as we called them, in the air, where they would remain suspended, and in circular or rectangular fashion outline the area to be attacked. Within this area the bombing, all claims of aiming at specific targets notwithstanding, would be *arbitrary*.

Our house was a rather new building with not much of a basement. So we spent a good deal of the next two hours in front of the house. Then again we would race inside when we heard a new wave of planes approaching, but then again, afraid that the house might blow up and bury us, we would run back out.

The ground remained in constant vibration. There was a rocking sensation which accompanied, and often even preceded,

every major air raid. I am inclined to think that the bombs which fell into the river and exploded there were responsible for this earthquake-like feeling.

It was so light outside that at one time we thought somebody had left the porch light burning. But it was only the light of the Christmas trees, the reflection of the huge fire in the city and of what seemed to be a fiery rain coming down from the planes. I don't know how this phenomenon was to be explained, but it looked as if the planes were not only dropping the standard fire bombs, but were also actually pouring out burning masses.

Two hours had been the maximum length for a major raid. Two hours of continued bombing, that is. We often spent as many as six hours in our shelters. I recall one night when we had six warnings, which meant that we went down and up, dressed and undressed, got into bed, fell asleep, and got up again, six times. The major raid on Düsseldorf lasted 75 minutes. Aachen "took" only 50 minutes. But even that is a long time if bombs come whistling down continuously (you can hear them approach as they cut through the air, and for so many people this sound was the last they ever heard), at least one per second. This adds up to about 3,000 bombs, and 3,000 seconds, each one of which brings you either that much closer to survival, or nearer death.

After two hours no more planes could be heard, and since I had to be at work at six in the morning, I went to bed. I had acquired sufficient training in going to sleep even after the most nerve-wracking raids.

To my knowledge, never had a city been exposed to two major raids in one night. When the sirens howled two hours later I paid no attention to them. There were always some planes around after raids to take pictures of the effects. Besides, the whole warning systems were usually knocked out of order, and sirens either wouldn't work at all, or they would carry on for hours. I was about to drop off to sleep again when my landlady shook me. She said only two words: "Christmas trees." I was up and dressed. It was surely a mistake. There couldn't be another raid! Two more hours of continued bombing? But so it was. At four in the morning at last a relative silence set in. At five I got ready to go to work.

Around noon there was another terrifying raid, the third one in 16 hours. I shall never forget it. My place of work was a small plant which manufactured typewriter parts, and its basement offered little protection. I had stepped outside to find out what was going on and saw hundreds of planes approaching in orderly formation. (Years later, in New York, I had a date with a young man who turned out to have been the pilot of one of those planes . . .) Our suburb had so far been left untouched, and we knew what to expect. After all, wouldn't it have been logical to attack the residential districts during the night when people were at home, and to hit the factories in day time?

Planes are not dangerous when they are straight above you, whereas as long as they are approaching . . . When I heard them come, I hurried inside. How many more seconds were we to live? My knees shook and I was so scared, I felt as if my whole inside had been taken out of me. Some of us screamed when the radio announcer declared: "Approximately 700 planes are approaching the northwest of the city. A major attack will have to be expected." These hard words meant for each of us, including the announcer, perhaps death, crippling of ourselves and of people left at home, and the destruction of our places to live.

But, miraculously, our suburb remained untouched. Our stomachs seemed to settle back into their places. Our legs began to support us again. The paralyzing fear was replaced with bewilderment. Had we survived? And for how long?

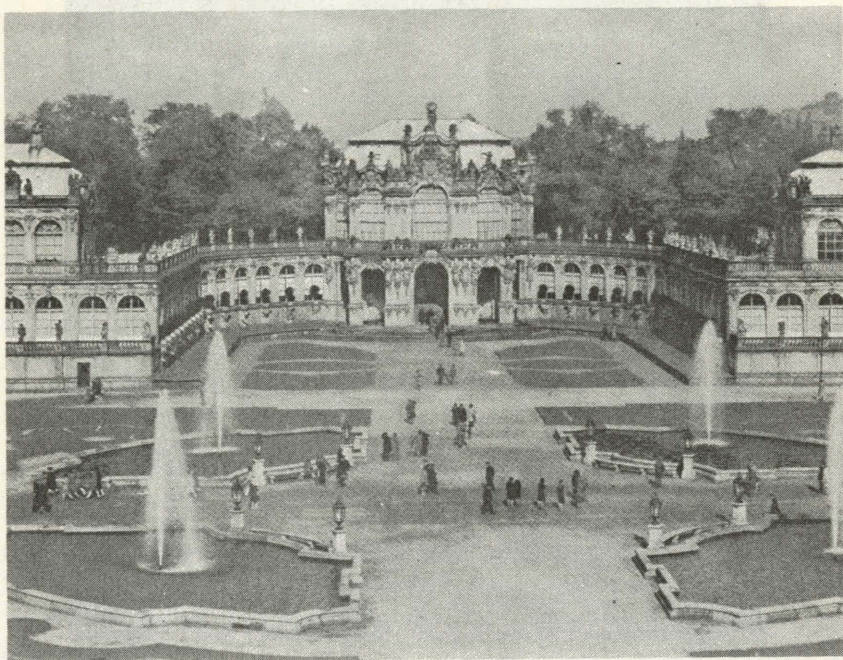
When I returned home that evening an endless stream of people, some in torn clothes, some scantily bandaged, all dirty from dust and soot, carrying their children (the ones they had saved), or bundles and baskets, dragged silently through the streets. I was ashamed, even scared, to be cleanly dressed.

I waited three weeks before I decided to walk into town; of course, there was no transportation. Perhaps I shouldn't have gone. Perhaps I should have retained in my memory the unspoiled picture of a beautiful city, untouched by war. But I went. And it was terrible.



*The Frauenkirche
Before . . .
. . . and Afterwards.*



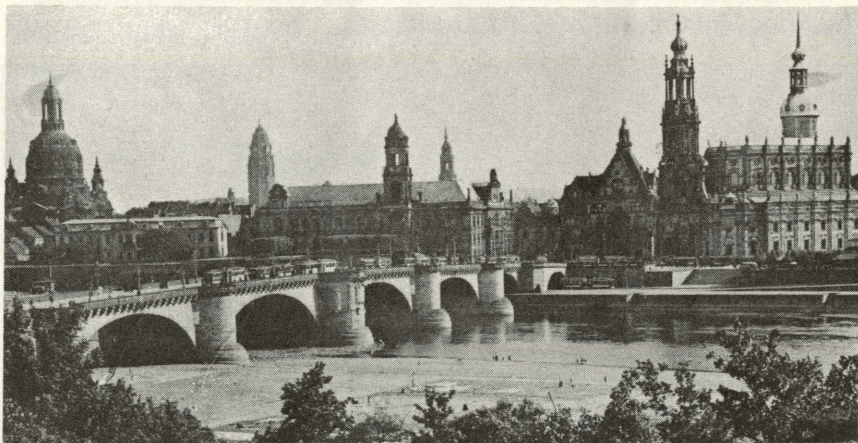


The Zwinger (also setting of pictures facing page 6)
Before . . .



. . . and Afterwards.

The magnificent silhouette, as painted and photographed so often from the far shores of the Elbe, was a shambles.



The city was absolutely ruined. In other cities, after major raids, you might still find one house here or there.



Not so in Dresden. I could not even find the familiar streets.

There had been the signs, pointing to the Park and to the Elbe. I had been told by several people that the first raid had incinerated the downtown section of the city, and that the

second one had concentrated on the Park and on the shores of the river to which thousands of people had fled . . . I walked through the Park, and there were the charcoaled bodies still hanging in the charcoaled trees.



Even after three weeks, there were still bodies scattered over the streets and piled up on horse drawn carts. Some of



the bodies were terribly mutilated, torn to bits through the explosions, or half burnt. I would turn my head in the direction of a certain odor, and there would be lying a head, or a hand, or a leg. To this day I cannot forget the stench.

A hospital was located close to the Elbe. When it caught on fire, the nurses carried their patients down to the coolness of

the river. Low flying planes, equipped with machine guns, finished them off . . .

I believed now what I had first considered an exaggeration, namely that 250,000 people had been killed during that 24 hour period. Actually, we will never know how many died. Particularly among the refugees, there is no way of checking. The confusion of the approaching end of the war made it impossible to establish a figure which would be even approximately correct. Some authorities have estimated as high as 400,000. The Encyclopaedia Britannica speaks of 300,000. Nobody who looks at the pictures will argue over the figures. It is a miracle that *anybody* survived.

Actually, my *personal* experience in Dresden was not nearly as terrible as it had been in other cities such as Düsseldorf, Krefeld, Aachen, and later Potsdam, where I lived, or happened to be at the particular time of attack, in the center of town and definitely within the area so well outlined by "Christmas trees." We would cover up our ears to shut out part of the racket, yet hear the bombs whistle through the air as they came down in chains of four or five, each one exploding nearer to our house . . . In Aachen half of the basement in which I had taken shelter blew up. The remaining half of the basement managed to hold up under the load of the collapsed house . . .

Yet, thinking of Dresden upsets me even more than the memories of those other cities. For one thing, I had meanwhile grown older, and any thought of glory and adventure in connection with the war had thoroughly worn off. Then, too, I had been particularly appreciative of Dresden's beauty—and within one night, all was wiped out.

I did not describe the air raids in detail in order to tear open barely healed wounds, or in order to attempt to place blame on any one individual or nation. None of this would bring back to life the quarter million victims, or recreate the priceless buildings and art treasures. But, perhaps, their death may not have been so entirely meaningless if somehow it may serve to awaken mankind to the horrors of war.

And, we must realize, this is what war was like even before the advent of nuclear weapons!

CHAPTER II

Disaster and Man

*No one is fool enough to choose war instead
of peace.*

*For in peace sons bury fathers,
But in war fathers bury sons.*

—Herodotus

The Germans, and the Russians, and the French committed acts no more humane than those described in the preceding chapter, all under the general heading of, and excused by: This is war. And this brings us to a discussion of man's attitude in war, and of man's reaction to man-made disaster.

I definitely make a distinction between his reaction to *natural* disasters and to *man-made* disasters. There is nobody we can blame for, say, a hurricane, a tornado, or an earthquake. The thoughtful citizen need feel no frustration, remorse, or guilt at the thought of unsaid words, unwritten letters to men of influence, unmade efforts to prevent the disaster. We are eased by the knowledge that outside of the area of the catastrophe a condition of normalcy remains, that help is available and will come. We are sensitive to the suffering of our fellow man. The natural disaster has not been preceded by a campaign of hatred to poison our souls. We have not already been dulled to suffering, conditioned to mass murder which has been explained and justified by *c'est la guerre*. In the words of Dr. Erich Fromm:

"To live for any length of time under the constant threat of destruction creates certain psychological effects in most human beings, fright, hostility, callousness, a hardening of the heart, and a resulting indifference to all the values we cherish."

Whereas, during peacetime to kill is to murder, during a war the more people you kill the greater a hero you are—provided, of course, your victims happened to be citizens of a certain country, the one you had been taught to hate.

When values are turned around like this, it is small wonder that other areas of moral life are also effected. For example, many soldiers assured me that the moment they would again

set foot on their native soil, they would put their wedding rings back on . . . And many a respectable soldier of any rank, background and citizenship has shown me items he "took" during and immediately after the war.

We are conditioned to react differently to a natural disaster than to a man-made one, even *before* it has occurred. Can we deny that we would be delighted to take in and care for victims of a tornado, while many of us consider barring our shelters to our neighbors in a nuclear war?

In the memory of man, war-caused disasters are quickly forgotten. Who has ever heard of Dresden? Yet, a comparatively minor natural catastrophe which occurred as long as forty years earlier, such as the San Francisco earthquake, is more likely to awaken within us compassion for the victims.

A hurricane, a tornado, the sinking of a ship, a flood, or the death of one particular person remains with mankind and in our history books forever. The death of millions during war time is "another matter", and hardly considered worth mentioning.

Today, while we are careful not to be hit by a car, while we spare no expense to give ourselves and our children the proper medical attention for even a minor ailment, we brush off quite lightly the thought of millions of casualties in a nuclear war.

There is much research being done to determine what man's instinctive and emotional reactions to The Bomb are likely to be. I will present here my own experiences:

After the first small raids, we would walk miles just to see a damaged house. We children would spend our free time collecting shrapnel fragments and comparing to see who had the biggest or the most, trading several small ones for a large one, and finding out who could tell the most exciting story of "the night before". Who had been the closest to a detonation? Whose windows were broken? (Windows, by the way, fall *out* as often as *in*. They would get sucked out and shatter a fraction of a second before the bomb hits.)

After a *major* air raid, the kind that was preceded by many peaceful nights no one could enjoy because everybody was

asking himself: "For which city are 'they' loading up their planes?"—after a major air raid, all this changed. *All* the windows were broken, so we marveled if we saw one which was still intact. We collected no more shrapnel. The streets, or what used to be streets, were littered with them. Instead, we kept our eyes open for duds. Just as in Galveston, Texas, some of the people who had survived Hurricane Carla were later killed by a tornado, so were many people who had survived the air raid itself, killed hours, days, even years later by duds, or time-bombs which had been humanely triggered to go off "later".

As to leadership, during the raids themselves, it was at once desirable and dangerous. Desirable, if it was the result of real thoughtfulness, dangerous, because in such unnerving moments I have found people willing to follow even the most panicky leader. A person who, through dust, smoke, darkness, explosions, under the constant whistling of bombs, a person whose knees must have turned to butter with fear, but who still has enough presence of mind to prevent hysteria, to guide people away from fire and suffocation, is certainly welcome but a rare, rare individual. The best training in this field is often worthless, whereas, the person of whom it is least expected may rise to great heights, only to wonder afterwards how he ever did it. In fact, the trained ones often make great nuisances of themselves. Many of them feel that they must lead at any price, and that everyone must obey them.

During the height of fear and danger, when explosion follows explosion, and when each second may be one's last, people may do any of the following, and I think I have done all of this during one air raid or another: Tremble, or be literally numb with fear; stare at one's watch hoping for a few minutes to pass; find reassurance in the proximity of a congenial person; pray, scream, or remain perfectly calm as though nothing was happening, even get a conversation going in the total darkness (the electricity is shot, of course, and there is not a candle or a battery left in the country), incongruously make some light-hearted remarks—this can be done, too, once initiated by a true leader.

During the very worst, class distinction and individual dislikes are almost forgotten, but this doesn't last long. As the raid subsides, thoughts turn from the present to the immediate

future. We are alive. So now what? Who of our family has survived? Is our apartment still there? If it is, is it threatened by fire? How can I save it? How can I save myself if the fires should spread?

And then the reaction to the nervous strain sets in, and one may find that one has gone crazy. One may stand in the streets as my father did once, watch his possessions burn, and laugh, laugh, laugh.

All the people who have survived are like one family. All the objects that can be retrieved from the fire or dragged out of the rubble, or are found on the street seemingly belong to everybody. At this stage, this is not necessarily plundering! People who have lost their homes move into someone else's house, just anybody's house, without much asking, and the owners don't object.

These moments of solidarity are valuable, but short-lived. Within hours, one's reactions are back to normal. Where will I obtain groceries? Is my friend, who lived at the other end of town, still alive? How about my school, my place of work? As my coat burned at the cleaners, what will I wear? And how can I notify relatives across the country that I am still alive? Not for three weeks after the raids on Dresden could I find a way to relieve my father's anxiety.

All this has happened nearly twenty years ago, but another fifty may pass and I am not likely to forget one detail. Many people have managed to forget, and perhaps they are more fortunate. I do not dare forget, lest I allow myself again to consider war a "possibility", a "solution", something to be considered the "lesser evil", lest I fail to make every effort at my command to prevent it, to help in finding a better remedy for the world's ills, lest I neglect my duty to inform all who can be induced to listen, of the horror, the terror, of war!

CHAPTER III

Reflections on Unlimited War

*If it's true that World War III
Must inevitably be,
Then World War IV, as sure as taxes,
Will be fought with stone age axes.
—Elizabeth Bradstreet Walsh*

I have so far not described a nuclear war. I have not experienced one. I have spoken only of what is referred to as "limited warfare with conventional weapons". Even though such warfare can claim 250,000 victims within twenty-four hours, it is called "limited". Theodore Roszak in "The Nation" makes the following observation on such warfare:

"Those who breathe a sigh of relief to think of any future war as being limited, had best remember: such a war will begin where World War II left off. It will begin with atomic weapons up to four times as powerful as the Hiroshima bomb, which in the last fifteen years have become "tactical" weapons. It will begin with a conventional arsenal many times more efficient than the blockbusters, flame throwers, fire bombs of the last World War."

George Kennan concludes:

"Let us by all means think for once not just in the mathematics of destruction—not just in grisly equations of probable military casualties—let us rather think of people as they are; of the limits of their strength, their hope, their capacity for suffering, their capacity for believing in the future. And let us ask ourselves in all seriousness how much worth saving is going to be saved if war now rages for the third time in a half century over the face of Europe."

Let us not allow ourselves to believe even in the possibility of limiting warfare to conventional weapons! *No war will remain limited the moment one of the opponents fears that he is falling behind!* Who would be willing to lose a war while he is in the possession of weapons possibly more terrible than the enemy has?

I wonder if we are sufficiently aware of the fact that several times in recent years a nuclear holocaust was very nearly

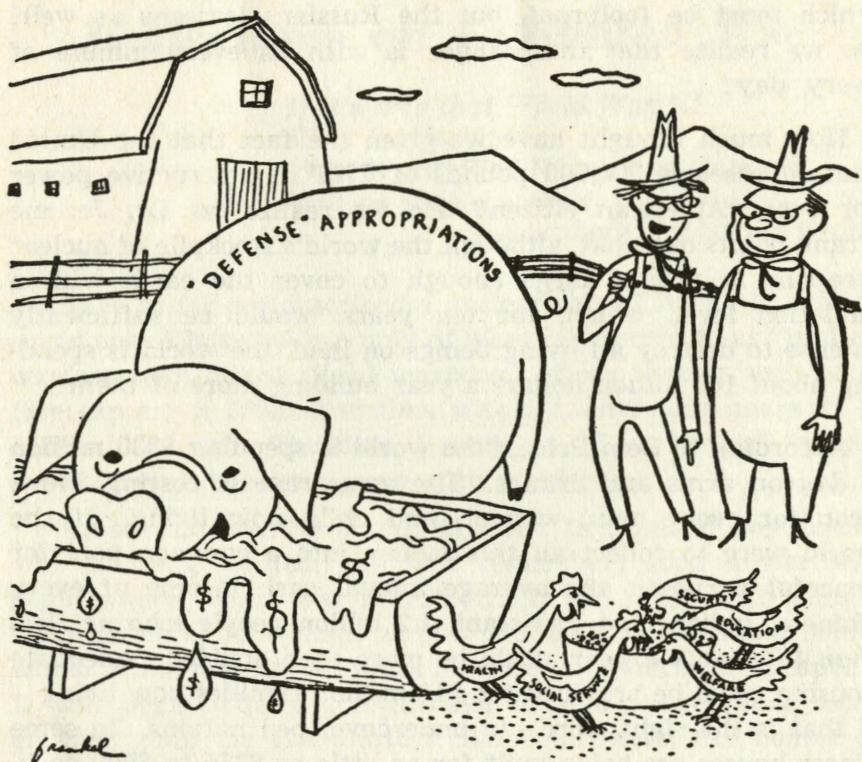
initiated because of misreadings on our radar screens? And it isn't only *our* radar screens, and a host of other instruments which must be foolproof, but the Russians' screens as well! Do we realize that this danger is with us every minute of every day?

How much thought have we given the fact that the United States possesses 300,000 pounds of TNT in destructive power for every American citizen? Do we realize, as Dr. Jerome Frank points out, that, although the world's stockpile of nuclear weapons is already large enough to cover the earth with a radiation level, which, for ten years, would be sufficiently intense to destroy all living beings on land, the world is spending about 100 billion dollars a year building more of them?

According to Bem Price, "the world is spending \$330 million *a day* on arms and armies. The arms race is costing \$40 a year for every man, woman, and child now living. If the world were to collect all this money into a common pool for peaceful purposes, the average annual cash income of every Chinese, Indian, and Pakistani, 1.2 billion people *who net less than \$100 each a year*, could be more than doubled. Adequate housing could be provided for 240 million families now living—if that is the right word—in underdeveloped nations. In some places houses are being built for as little as \$375 to \$500 each. The money goes for material only. While this wouldn't be much of a house by U.S. standards, such a home would be a palace to people living in wattle and daub hovels, or camped atop the local garbage heap in shacks of flattened tin cans and card board. The hungry among the world's three billion people could be fed, the sick provided with medical care.

"An absolute end to the arms race would release the constructive energies of at least 15 million men, now in training to kill each other. This, however, does not tell the whole story. One of the world's rules-of-thumb is that at least four men must labor to keep one soldier armed, fed and supplied. Thus, an end to the arms race would enable another 60 million men to turn to the task of beating swords into plowshares."

It is commonly argued that the modern weapons are so terrible that they will never actually be used. They are only intended to act as deterrents. But, in the words of Mr. Norman Cousins, "the main flaw in the deterrent theory is that



"Those chickens'll eat us out of house and home!"

it does not deter. The possession by the Soviet Union of advanced nuclear weapons has not served as a deterrent to the United States in matters involving national interests. The U.S. has not allowed fear of nuclear weapons to deter it from making clear that it is prepared to fight with everything it has to keep from being pushed out of Berlin. Each has attempted to convince the other that it is prepared to let fly with everything it owns rather than back down. *One nation's deterrent becomes the other nation's incentive.*

"The incredible paradox is that both potential foes today seek security on the same terms. Each calls on the other to be deterred by its striking power, yet both are becoming more insecure in direct proportion to the increase in their own power. Weapons which may be intended to deter also create suspicion and fear and therefore inevitably provoke."

A frightening thought came to my mind the other day: Is it not possible that, in the case of a war, thermonuclear war-heads need not be delivered by airplanes or missiles at all but that instead, through acts of sabotage, they may have already been placed in strategic locations throughout the world? If this seems unlikely because of their bulkiness, effective quantities of deadly gases and germs take up very little room!

In this connection the popular argument runs that, if not even Hitler used poison gases, surely they will never be used. But just because they were not used in the past presents no guarantee against their application in the future!

In the field of chemical, biological, and radiological warfare (CBR) I am a layman, and I do not propose to add my uneducated guess to all the educated ones to which we are being exposed with rapidly increasing intensity. On this subject, which I must include because I want to speak about Civil Defense in the next chapter, I will very largely quote (with permission of the publishers, Harper and Brothers) from "In Place of Folly", a highly recommendable book by Mr. Norman Cousins.

"The existence of a moral position of restraint (in connection with chemical, biological, and radiological warfare) is decried by the U.S. military officials in their testimony before Congressional committees. They have called for Congressional and public recognition of the need to be free of any prohibitions on CBR. In short, *the American military have taken an official position in favor of the use of CBR weapons in event of another war.*

"Their argument is that nerve gases, psycho-chemicals, and disease germs represent the cheapest, most effective, and, in their own words, *most humane* form of warfare available in the modern world. Moreover, the great advantage they see in CBR is that it searches out and kills people without at the same time destroying the great cities and industrial establishments.

"The most revolutionary development of all in the field of chemical warfare has the code name of GB. It is a nerve gas. It is odorless and invisible. It is easy to disseminate. It can be packaged and delivered by short range, medium range, or long range missiles. It can be spread over wide areas or

used in limited situations as aerosol sprays. It can even be used in tiny dispensers of the kind that carry deodorizers. GB, now being manufactured by the U.S. Army Chemical Corps, and so far as known, by other major powers, acts like a super insecticide against human beings. Like DDT, its effect is widespread and almost instantaneous. Exposure to GB in gas form is lethal in a matter of seconds. There is no radiation hazard for occupying troops or officials. Shelters, no matter how deep, would offer inadequate protection against nerve gases.

"Psychochemicals, on the other hand, are not lethal except in large quantities. They also differ from the other chemicals in that they seek a temporary result. The main purpose of psychochemical warfare is to change the human personality and eliminate the will to resist or the capacity to think logically and purposefully. Psychochemicals can produce confusion, cowardice, extreme submissiveness, mental aberrations, temporary blindness, deafness, or general paralysis.

"In seeking funds from Congress, CBR officials have expressed confidence that bacteriological weapons can take their place alongside nerve gases as cheaper and more effective devices against human life than nuclear weapons.

"The use of bacteriological weapons need not be confined to their direct effect on human beings. Indirectly, human beings can be attacked by transmitting disease to animals and plants, thus contaminating the food supply.

"The research objective in chemical warfare is exactly the opposite from that of medical drug research. In medical research the aim is to produce therapeutic agents and to minimize the undesirable side effects. In chemical warfare research, all emphasis is placed on finding the agent with the undesirable and uncontrollable characteristics."

Of the effect of thermonuclear weapons, Norman Cousins writes:

"Here are some of the destructive characteristics of the 20-megaton bomb. It contains 1,000 times the destructive power of the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima in 1945. It contains more destructive power than a mountain of TNT four times the height of the Empire State Building. It contains more destructive power than a caravan of 1,000,000 trucks each carrying

20,000 pounds of TNT. A *one* megaton bomb releases enough heat to convert a billion pounds of water (about equivalent to a lake 1,500 feet by 3,000 feet, 3 feet deep) into steam. A 10-megaton H-bomb, if exploded 30 miles above Yonkers, N. Y., could produce a fire storm that would take in an area from the tip of Brooklyn, to Bridgeport, Conn. A 20-megaton bomb, if exploded in the air midway between Akron and Cleveland, Ohio, could incinerate both cities.

"So far we have been considering the effect of a single bomb. It is likely that a prime target would not attract one but several bombs, with a corresponding increase in the severity of fire-storms, overlapping blast effects, and size of area affected.

"What about people who do not live in or near metropolitan centers, or military installations? They would be unaffected by the fallout of heavy radioactive debris from remote surface explosions. But lightweight radioactive particles are pumped into the air and enter the stratosphere where they fall out with varying intensity around the earth. Many of the radioactive materials are short lived. After only two days the intensity of most of them is only one hundredth of what it was during the first hour. At the end of two weeks the intensity is one thousandth of what it was the first hour. The danger of radiation, however, is not confined to this kind of fast decay radioactive materials. Danger also comes from the long life elements—strontium 90, cesium 137, carbon 14. After 28 years, radioactive strontium still retains 50 percent of its energy. The half life of cesium 137 is 30 years, of carbon 14, more than 5,000 years.

"These slow decay radioactive elements have varying danger characteristics. Strontium 90, like air, water, and sunlight, becomes part of the life chain. When it settles on vegetation it binds into the molecular structure. It is chemically similar to calcium, and turns up wherever calcium has a function. The human bone building process requires calcium. When vegetables or meat or water or milk containing strontium 90 are consumed, some of the strontium is eliminated naturally. The part that remains does damage. Since the body mistakes strontium for calcium, it is drawn into the bones and blood stream; it bombards the surrounding areas with high energy particles. Radiation of this sort can produce leukemia and bone cancer.

"Exactly how much internal radiation from strontium 90 is required to produce malignancy is not known. This factor of uncertainty is responsible for much of the debate over the dangers of fallout. Some scientists contend that *any* additional radiation beyond that absorbed through natural processes can be harmful and even dangerous. Other scientists contend that there is a threshold of danger, and that so long as the amount of radiation exposure or absorption remains below this level, the risk is virtually negligible. Even those who hold to the threshold theory are not all agreed on where the danger line should be drawn. One fact, however, is vital. Between 1954 and 1960 there have been continuing estimates concerning radiation tolerance by humans. These estimates have been made by various authoritative sources throughout the world, including the International Commission on Radiological Protection. The presiding fact emerging from all those studies and reports is that *human tolerances are less than they were formerly supposed*. In the decade of the 1950's, estimates of general radiation safety levels have been reduced from 300 roentgens accumulated over a lifetime to 30 roentgens. Some estimates have been even lower. Meanwhile, whatever the precise margin for safety may be, *the undisputed fact is that every child in the U.S. now contains detectable traces of radioactive strontium in his bones*.

"Unlike strontium 90, cesium 137 has no safety limits. No 'threshold' debate exists about radioactive cesium. It finds its home in the human muscle. Most of it does not remain in the body for more than two or three weeks. This means its cancer causing powers are sharply reduced. But cesium 137 poses a different primary danger. It emits gamma rays which are injurious to the human genes. The principal sufferers will be future generations. Depending on the amount of radiation, cesium 137 can alter the characteristics passed on to children through germ plasm; it can produce stillbirths and malformations of various kinds; it can increase susceptibility to diseases; it can produce general debility. Most assuredly, it cannot improve the species."

Then, wouldn't "clean bombs" be the answer? Mr. Cousins reflects on this proposition:

"Almost without realizing it we are adopting the language of madmen. We talk of clean hydrogen bombs, as though we

were dealing with the ultimate in moral refinement. We use fairyland words to describe a mechanism that in a split second can incinerate millions of human beings—not dummies or imitations but real people, exactly the kind that you see around your dinner table. What kind of monstrous imagination is it that can connect the word 'clean' to a device that will put the match to man's cities?

"What is meant by 'clean' is that we may be able to build a bomb with a greatly reduced potential for causing radioactive fallout. But to call a hydrogen bomb or any bomb 'clean' is to make an obscene farce out of words."

In my opinion it matters little that the proposed American bomb test series is expected to yield only a very small amount of radioactive fallout. The question is: How and where will it all end? We will test until we are at least equal with, if not ahead of the Russians, and then the Russians will test in order to get ahead of us, etc., etc., etc.

We have, and so do the Russians, all that is needed to kill every human being on earth, several times over. How dead can we get?

The Atomic Energy Commission reports:

"100,000 gross physical or mental defects, 360,000 cases of stillbirths and childhood deaths, 900,000 cases of embryonic and neonatal deaths will result from tests made up to September, 1958."

There is no need to worry about the perfection of our delivery systems. Nerve gases, enough to kill every inhabitant of a sizeable city, can be carried around in a few after-shave lotion bottles, and can't be detected by Geiger counters. Even an inspection team would be quite unable to discover some neatly tucked away containers filled with chemical and biological warfare materials.

The fact that the non-Communist world is likely to criticize us more for testing than it criticizes the Russians, should not fill us with indignation but with pride. I believe it proves that the world is expecting so much more from us than it is from the Russians, and I don't mean bigger and more deadly weapons, but more in the field of leadership toward peace.

CHAPTER IV

CD Stands for . . .

*I saw him off for school today,
Each shining curl brushed firmly in its
place.*

*"Remember crossing streets. Don't dally on
the way!"*

*A tender kiss upon his eager baby face.
I must not cry. He would not understand.
But, oh God! A gas mask in his hand!*

—M. L. Kilgaus

As a citizen, as a mother, as a person who knows a great deal about civil defense from bitter experience, I want to speak about the matter of protection from the fiendish instruments of mass murder.

I believe we are entitled to become acquainted at least with those facts which have already been ascertained. These facts are available. Why are they played down for consumption by the general public? How can Dr. Willard Libby maintain that, with a certain kind of a shelter, "you can survive atomic attack"? How can Life magazine (Sept. 15, 1961) state that "97 out of 100 people can be saved"?

I. F. Stone in his weekly paper replies to that article:

"Nowhere does Life tell us what level and kind of attack it assumes that need kill only 3 percent of our people. The latest Rand study in the new Holifield Committee hearings show 3 percent dead as the result of a very small attack delivering 300 megatons on military targets exclusively. Even this small attack, if aimed at our *cities* would put inescapable death (with everyone in some shelter) up to 35 percent. The same study shows a 3,000 megaton attack on cities would put inescapable deaths up to 80 percent . . ."

I implore you fellow parents, who are concerned for the safety of your children, to join me in asking some of the following questions:

In the case of family shelters which are said to increase in safety in proportion to the amount of money spent on their construction, where does this leave the poorer people? Does man's chance for survival decrease with his income?

What about the renters? The migrants?

How will the people across our borders be protected from fallout? In countries where even above-ground housing is inadequate, it would be inconceivable that sufficient funds would be appropriated for shelters. In a world where many have only sidewalks for a home, we are building fallout shelters. This act in itself can hardly be expected to endear us to our fellow inhabitants of this planet!

In the case of community shelters, will they be racially integrated, or will colored people not be permitted in white people's shelters, just as in Germany the Jews were not permitted in the shelters of gentiles?

The Honorable William Fitts Ryan asked of the House of Representatives on September 19, 1961:

"Will the shelter program protect anyone at all, if it is finished five years hence, and a weapons revolution has intervened that raises the scale and changes the nature of the usable weapons? Might an American program of fallout shelters aimed at two weeks residence stimulate an opponent to prepare a second thermonuclear salvo to be fired two weeks after the first? If an enemy did react in this way, the very creation of the civil defense would have brought about the kind of attack that would make civil defense useless. No lives at all would have been saved.

"If large shelters are to be built, who will run them and how will these leaders be chosen? How will trained leaders actually get to the shelters? What arrangements will be made for the fair sharing of the food, water, and medicines in the shelter? Who will decide as to who will be allowed in and who will be kept out? What will be done to keep separated families from leaving the shelters to search for loved ones? Will the threat of radiation be sufficient to keep a mother from searching for her child?"

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt contributed her opinion in McCall's in November 1960:

"I think it is nonsense to build bomb shelters. It is quite evident from all we are told about modern nuclear weapons that the shelters would be useless. We had better bend our efforts to preventing nuclear war and not worry about how we can preserve our own skins.

"I do not approve of individuals building shelters, and I consider it a waste of government money to build them for public use."

Marquis Childs stated:

"Immediately following the explosion, a massive fallout consisting of about 50 percent of the total radioactive material released in the atmosphere would fall on the northern half of the globe. From six to twelve months later rains would bring down another 30-40 percent of the total, again in the northern part of the globe. Those who escaped the first lethal dose would almost certainly be destroyed by the second, unless extraordinary preparations had been made to live underground for an indefinite time."

Senator Bourke Hickenlooper of Iowa declared flatly:

"If you don't get killed in the blast, you may get killed by the fire storm. If you don't burn to death, you may get killed from lack of oxygen. If you don't suffocate, you'll die of radiation!"

Mr. Cousins made the following observations:

"The principal problem in the city will be getting into a shelter in the first place, and getting out of it in the second place. It is by no means certain that an attack will be preceded by a warning. In fact, the factor of surprise is a molecular part of the make-up of modern war. And even if warning should precede an attack, it would be on the order of minutes.

"The average underground shelter could not offer protection to human life in a nuclear fire storm. The ventilation system, drawing in air from the outside, would quickly convert the average shelter into a hot air furnace, with air heated to temperatures as high as 1,000 degrees. The shelters would have to be sealed in from the outside and would require manufactured oxygen. But the entire supply of oxygen manufactured in the U.S. in 1960 would not meet the needs of a city of 100,000 population in an underground shelter for more than two weeks.

"No ventilating system has yet been made available that can guard against gases that produce heart sickness, or disease germs that spread cholera, plague, diphtheria, typhoid fever, smallpox, malaria, all of which are now in the arsenals of the major powers, *and primed for instant use.*

"The hydrogen bomb is to the shelter what the missile is to evacuation. The relative cheapness of manufacturing hydrogen bombs, and their availability by the thousands, virtually insures the fact that any attacker would deliver as many of them as were necessary to wreck any underground system. The purpose of a thermonuclear bomb is to pulverize a city and all the people in it; as many such bombs as are required to execute that purpose will be used.

"A grave moral problem arises in the case of those shelters where people who have been hit by radioactivity are still able to seek cover. Present civilian defense policy plans call for barring contaminated persons, by force, if necessary. Indeed, each shelter has a capacity quota. As soon as this quota is filled, people who tried to get in would be refused admission—again by force—whether they are contaminated or not."

The one excluded by force may be your child, or mine, running in from a playground!

If we won't even let the contaminated *living* into our shelters, who will bury the contaminated *dead*? Quoting from "Hiroshima" by John Hersey:

"They did not move and he realized they were too weak to lift themselves. He reached down and took a woman by the hands, but her skin slipped off in huge glove-like pieces. He had to keep consciously repeating to himself: 'These are human beings' . . ."

Who would take care of the blind? Quoting from The Rotarian, September 1960:

"But in this matter of taking shelter, a different factor, always known, but never, to my recollection, faced squarely, would create such a hideous situation that no program could be imagined that would control it. Granting clear weather, the explosion of a medium size H-weapon, day or night, would cause all people, indoors or out, within view of the fireball to look at it by uncontrollable reflex. And such people would be made blind instantly, even at a distance of forty miles from the explosion. Sudden light, 1,000 times brighter than the sun, would make them turn around to see the source, and that instinctive glance would burn their retinas so that they would be sightless. Their cars, trucks, trains, planes would smash. People would be unable to find their way home over an area on the order of 5,000 square miles per shot."

"... and they were all in the same nightmarish state: Their faces were wholly burned, their eye sockets were hollow, the fluid from their melted eyes had run down their cheeks. Their mouths were swollen, pus-covered wounds which they could not bear to stretch enough to admit the spout of a teapot . . ." ("Hiroshima", by John Hersey.)

Civil Defense Director Val Peterson told Congress:

"There is no such thing as a nation being prepared for nuclear war."

Dr. Ralph Lapp explains:

"Children would have to stay in the shelter much longer than the suggested two weeks; perhaps several months. One wishes to protect those whose child bearing years lie ahead in order to minimize the number of mutations introduced into the next generation. Also, young people are more likely to suffer the long-range bodily effects of radiation, such as cancer."

And let us think for a moment of the 665,000 mental patients, the occupants of 1.6 million hospital beds, the prisoners in jails. What would happen to them?



This woman was rescued after being buried alive in a bomb shelter. She may have been one of the many who became insane as the result of such an experience.

General Douglas MacArthur warned:

"War has become a Frankenstein to destroy both sides. No longer does it possess the chance of a winner in a duel. It contains, rather, the germs of double suicide."

General H. H. Arnold declared:

"One nation cannot defeat another nation today. That concept died with Hiroshima."

Dr. John R. Wolfe of the Atomic Energy Commission emphasizes that "disturbing the balance of nature would create problems much greater than some of the more obvious hazards. Rats, for example, are less susceptible to radiation than men. The rat population at Eniwetok has survived several nuclear blasts. After an attack, rats would feed on the filth of the city and transfer disease to human beings whose resistance would already be seriously lowered by radiation and deprivation. Disease-producing bacteria in sewerage disposal units would very likely be a considerable problem because they are practically immune to radiation. Insects, more resistant than men, (and more resistant than the birds to devour them,) can wreak havoc on the balance between organism and nature. By destroying trees and grain they would further complicate the problem of recovery."

Suppose, for example, that the Hoover Dam were destroyed. This would not only create incredibly devastating floods, but would leave millions of people completely without water.

Then there is the problem of what to do with the radiated waste. It could not be buried because it would get into underground water and eventually into man. It could not be dropped into the sea because currents would carry it somewhere else.

All the domestic animals, cattle, sheep, hogs, and wild animals would be killed. All the pine, spruce, fir, cedars, would be dead. The hardwood forests would have been burned out. In geneticist Dr. Bentley Glass' words: "The warring nations would be reduced to barbarism."

If we build community shelters, in order to get everybody into them so as to avoid panic and blindness, we would have to take shelter before the attack, before the war begins. The few, if any minutes warning time will not suffice to get more than a small handful of people sheltered.

As Alfred Hassler (in "Neither Run nor Hide") points out:

"When would the move be made? If the attack did not occur as expected, when would people go back to their homes? Or, if tension continued, would they stay underground indefinitely?

"Would not the decision to take shelter itself precipitate the attack it was intended to avert? If word came to us that the populations of all Russian cities had been ordered to move underground immediately, would we not conclude that an attack on us was imminent? Why should we suppose their reaction to be any different if the circumstances were reversed?

"Those who survive would survive by chance: A missed bomb, a change in the wind. From that point on, they would have to improvise. Few of them, probably, would improvise well enough; most would die a little later on.

'We Won!'



"To talk of victory in such circumstances, as some of our military commentators still do, is to mock. Even if, by some macabre calculations, one side or the other would be adjudged to have 'won', the victory would be meaningless. All that we

prize of freedom and hope would be lost in a welter of death and terror; all that man has created of beauty and dignity would be among the radioactive particles floating down to poison the whole earth."

Rarely is there a meaningful discussion of the "afterwards". How do we know, how does anybody know, when it is over? And what is "it"? After the prescribed two weeks, has the war automatically ended? Who will have won, if one can even speak of winning? Which side, each with millions dead and more to die soon, with its cities wrecked, food and drink contaminated, and contemplating the prospect of cancer and stillbirths for years and years to come, each thoroughly hated by the rest of the world for having involved it, too, in misery and death—which side will have proved what? Will Communism have automatically disappeared from the surface of the earth? What safeguards are there to prevent a repetition of the disaster? What peace and freedom will then be in store for the survivors?

I am certainly not against protection in the face of danger. But civil defense provides no real protection for the following reasons:

The moment we believe we have a foolproof civil defense system, the opponent may, and will, simply step up the number of bombs or their potency.

The deadly rays of the neutron bomb would penetrate into the deepest shelter.

If a country as humane and with as high a regard for the individual as the United States even advocates the use of CBR in war, it must certainly be assumed that our opponent proposes a similar policy. And, to use only one example, there is absolutely no protection against nerve gases.

Finally, with such an array of weapons available, which enemy would be fool enough to apply only those from the effect of which we can protect ourselves?

Walter Lippmann summed it all up with brilliant clarity when he told us recently:

"There is no protection against nuclear war except to prevent it."

CD stands for Colossal Deception.

CHAPTER V

The Quest for Real Protection

*But there ought to be a better way of
killing a louse than by destroying the
body it feeds on!*

—Lt. Walter Benton, U.S. Army

What good does it do to relate the horrors of war, the danger of accidental war, the mistake of the deterrent theory, and the uselessness of our civil defense system?

I have not written all this in order to present a picture of hopelessness and despair. I am writing because I want to be worthy of my American citizenship which entitles me, which obligates me to speak up when I feel that doing so will benefit my fellow Americans as well as people everywhere.

I am only doing what I must in order to justify the fact that I survived Dresden, and in order to justify the confidence the Lord must have had in me when he entrusted me with four children.

But I would abuse this trust if I were to stop right here. Because what sense is there in only *protesting* the use of atomic weapons if we have nothing to offer in its place?

President Kennedy asked us for our advice. We would serve him ill were we only to criticize him! Had I no positive suggestions to make, I could better have spent this time helping my bigger children with their homework, and playing with the smaller ones, instead of sitting at my typewriter.

The purpose of my writing must be to make the American people aware of the true nature of war, and of the need for alternatives to a war in the nuclear age. I want to, I must, encourage American parents to use their intelligence, their insight, and the means of information at their disposal, to search for better ways of insuring their children's safety, happiness, and freedom, than to dig senseless holes into the ground!

There is nothing—not the outcome of the world series, not my son's report card, not my daughter's measles, not who-is-going-to-run-for-President-in-1964?—as important as finding these alternatives and making them workable.

Or there may not be a 1964!

War must be prevented. As a means of settling disagreements between nations, it is obsolete. War does not determine who is right, only who is left . . .

Were we intent upon the obliteration of the human race, our enemies, our allies, and ourselves could scarcely employ a more effective policy than we have been following. I believe that the problem confronting the world today is primarily whether man shall continue to exist at all. Differences of opinions between governments, insurmountable as they may seem, must subordinate themselves to that one great problem.

But I am neither sufficiently literate nor adequately qualified to pursue this subject in my own words. Prominent Americans have eloquently proclaimed the need for a new approach to the gravest problems confronting mankind, and many of these men have come up with recommendations which certainly sound more promising than the prospect of a nuclear war. We need only listen to President Kennedy's address to the United Nations on September 26, 1961. He said:

"War no longer appeals as a rational alternative. Unconditional war can no longer lead to unconditional victory. It can no longer serve to settle disputes. It can no longer be of concern to great powers alone. For a nuclear disaster, spread by winds and water and fear, could well engulf the great and the small, the rich and the poor, the committed and the uncommitted alike.

"Mankind must put an end to war, or war will put an end to mankind. Let us join in dismantling the national capacity to wage war.

"Today, every inhabitant of this planet must contemplate the day when it may no longer be inhabitable.

"Every man, woman and child lives under a nuclear sword of Damocles, hanging by the slenderest of threads, capable of being cut at any moment by accident, miscalculation, or madness.

"The weapons of war must be abolished before they abolish us. The mere existence of modern weapons—ten million times more destructive than anything the world has ever known, and only minutes away from any target on earth—is a source of horror, of discord and distrust.

"Men no longer maintain that disarmament is a sign of weakness—for in a spiralling arms race, a nation's security may well

be shrinking as its arms increase. The risks inherent in disarmament pale in comparison to the risks inherent in an unlimited arms race.

"The events and decisions of the next ten months may well decide the fate of man for the next ten thousand years. And we shall be remembered either as the generation that turned this planet into a flaming pyre, or the generation that met its vow to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war.

"Together we shall save our planet, or together we shall perish in its flames."

Norman Cousins appeals to all of us in these words:

"The big need today is not to make credible to the Russians that we are only a feather's touch from nuclear war, but to make credible to the world's peoples that the United States has the wisdom to match its power.

"There is scope neither for ideological fulfillment nor for national purpose in nuclear suicide. It, therefore, becomes as mandatory for the Soviet Union as it is for everyone else to dispose of the danger of war and proceed with its objectives by other means.

"Any major war between nuclear nations is also a war against the human race. It is impossible to confine the lethal radiation to the war zones.

"What the world needs today are two billion angry men, who will make it clear to their national leaders that the earth does not exist for the purpose of being a stage for the total destruction of men. Two billion angry men can insist that the world's resources be utilized for human good. They can demand that the nations stop using the sky as an open sewer for radioactive poisons, and that an end be put to the uncontrolled devices that pursue future generations by way of damaged genes. They can compel the nations to end the long age of the cave and begin a real civilization."

Former Governor Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey pleads:

"Must we sit mutely by while the world's tensions increase at such a perilous rate? I am convinced that it is within our capacity to devise a far more effective protection than any network of fallout shelters ever could be.

"One frightening aspect of this period of technological progress is that our ability to control nature seems to have out-

stripped our wisdom. We build larger nuclear reactors, but we fail to have the larger ideas required to put them to uses of maximum benefit. We talk boastfully of our destructive capacity, but we neglect the positive goals that give human life its deepest meaning.

"It seems to me that this lag is particularly evident in the reasoning of those who advocate fallout shelters. These people are trying to resolve the most urgent problem of the 1960's with a solution borrowed from the 1940's.

"There is only one solution: Peace. Anyone interested in protecting more than a minute fraction of the American people ought to devote himself to obtaining—while there is still time—an enforceable peace. Control of nuclear weapons, to be effective, must be administered by an international organization. Today, that means the United Nations.

"But the making of a genuine peace is too important to be left to government alone. It needs the active support of individual citizens. By making known to their governments the growing strength of their commitments to peace, they can create a mandate so powerful it will not long be denied.

"The only shelter against a nuclear war is a workable peace."

I also appreciate Senator Stephen Young's statement:

"The survival of 180,000,000 Americans—indeed, of all mankind—depends not on civil defense but on peace. It depends not on futile shelter programs inspired by a caveman complex, but on solid, workable international agreements to disarm. Shelter building represents a psychology of fear. We ought to be talking about building homes for our people rather than hoodwinking them with foolish prattle about underground shelter. We should be considering ways to feed the two-thirds of humanity who go to bed hungry every night, rather than telling Americans to store away a two-weeks supply of food in useless holes in the ground. Instead of wasting untold billions on a national network of bomb shelters, we should put just a portion of these dollars into forging links of friendship with other peoples. The friendship we shall earn will contribute far more to our safety than shelters to jump into after it is too late."

General Omar N. Bradley reminds us:

"We are now speeding inexorably toward a day when even the ingenuity of our scientists may be unable to save us from

the consequences of a single rash act or a lone reckless hand upon the switch of an uninterceptible missile."

The success of all of our efforts to preserve peace depends upon *the development of an atmosphere conducive to co-operation and to the creation of mutual trust*. We cannot expect the flower of tolerance, let alone: love, to grow in earth poisoned by hatred and the "habit of violence".

"The old forms of preparedness by which a nation pursues security no longer work. We are obliged, therefore, to embark on a new form of preparedness. It is the kind of preparedness which begins by taking seriously the need to look beyond violence. This may well be the most difficult undertaking in human history.

"Violence is not confined to the man in the fight arena or to the man with a gun in the field. It is an important staple in the regular entertainment diet. Year in and out, the biggest sellers in toys are guns or other make-believe weapons. The large majority of films or television productions hold violence to be almost as essential as the camera itself. Thus, the slightest disagreement between two men in a play is accompanied by the explosion of a fist in a human face. There is little respect in our entertainment for the fragility of human life.

"The natural reactions of the individual against violence are being blunted. He is being desensitized by living history. He is becoming casual about brutality. The range of violence sweeps from the personal to the impersonal, from the amusements of the crowds to the policies of the nation. It is in the air, quite literally.

"Does it have no effect on an individual to live in an age that has already known two world wars; that has seen hundreds of cities ripped apart by TNT tumbling down from the heavens; that has witnessed whole nations stolen or destroyed; that has seen millions of people exterminated in gas chambers or by other mass means; that has seen governments compete with one another to make weapons which, even in the testing, have put death in the air?

"We have made our peace with violence." (Norman Cousins: In Place of Folly.)

CHAPTER VI

Neither Red Nor Dead

The worst thing about history is that every time it repeats itself the price goes up.

If human resourcefulness can develop rockets to reach the moon, and bombs to eliminate life on earth, it should, *if challenged*, be capable of devising other means of settling our disputes than by either "giving in to the Russians or fighting them".

If not for humanitarian considerations, we *must* get along with the Russians for practical reasons. Soon the Chinese will have developed nuclear weapons, and then we will remember with nostalgia the days when only Russia was our enemy! The Russians fear the West and fear the Chinese. They are at odds with both. They must compromise and get along with at least *one* of these two powers. It is in our interest to convince them that they should choose to co-exist with *us*. It is worth going the extra mile.

Whereas we may not see eye to eye with the Russian leaders, we must not forget that the Russian people are first and foremost just that: People. Their children are as dear to them as ours are to us, and they are as afraid of war as we are and probably fear it more realistically because they have experienced war in horrible detail. And this is the basis on which our negotiations must rest: What do the Russians and ourselves have *in common*?

We share a concern for the welfare of all mankind—not necessarily for purely unselfish reasons, but the fact is that we both want to improve the lot of the hungry, cold, sick, and illiterate majority of the world's citizens. What if, instead of competing in this field, we would offer to pool our resources and to make a *joint* effort to help them? What if, instead of aiding them, as we have done in the past, mainly in order to win them to our respective philosophies of life, we would co-operate to win them just to life?

The Russian scientists, as well as ours, are fighting cancer. Could they fight it together?

We both want to explore the moon. Let us make the landing of a man there, and his safe return to earth, an aim of international science, and not the objective of any *one* nation with the ultimate goal of using this achievement somehow for military ends! We have co-operated in the antarctic region and agreed, by treaty, to preserve it for peaceful purposes. Can we not, should we not try the same approach to our efforts to reach the moon?

The old way of harping on our differences has reached dead end. We have to re-direct our thinking instead toward the aspirations and hopes *common* to all men. For example, parents everywhere in the world want health and happiness for their children. Our backgrounds and our environments are too different to allow us to pursue this goal in an identical manner, but the goal is nevertheless the same: Health and happiness for our children. Let us cooperate where we sense a common interest such as this one!

Human misery, which is synonymous with breeding places of Communism, has hardly decreased in the world, and neither has our uneasiness. Mankind will not find security in more horrible bombs or in deadly gases; neither will it be found in fallout shelters. We will find it only in a *new approach* which is geared to the technological pace of the twentieth century, and, most of all, in a United Nations which has been equipped with the power it needs to enforce world peace through law.

The place to put a new approach into practice is in Berlin. There, at this writing, lies the fuse for war, and the hope for peace.

I am by no means deaf and blind to the plea of the people in Berlin. In fact, I was born there and I love that city. I am myself a refugee from East Germany. I know dictatorship, and what it will do to man's freedom and to the human mind. (Didn't we teenagers, under Hitler, use to believe that we had freedom? And not knowing any other, I thought the Nazi government to be the best, in spite of the fact that my relatives became its victims!) I detest the totalitarian system which produced an Adolph Eichmann. I am ill at ease about *any* dictatorship.

But I do not believe that, in order to safeguard the democratic way of life, all mankind must be endangered. Did the

Lord give us our intellectual capabilities, and our fantastic wealth of natural resources so that we may prepare and threaten to use the combination of these gifts to destroy the very life He granted us?

Numerous constructive, mutually beneficial alternatives to the Berlin stalemate have been worked out by concerned and dedicated men, but have not been picked up by the mass media of communication which find it so much easier to present the public with simple clichés. If one of our children places the blame for a torn book on another child, we would not accept his explanation without getting the other child's side of the story too. Yet, in the field of foreign politics, we are expected to accept as gospel the judgment and the interpretation offered by a few men! The reason may be that not enough of us *care* to know more than *one* angle to each news story. Who cares enough to make an effort, even if it means a trip to the public library, to study the text of Khrushchev's notes and to learn the complex background of the situation in Berlin, or to examine the incredibly involved factors leading up to the stalemate in Laos?

For those who *do* care I now want to present some peaceful and honorable solutions to the Berlin crisis:

Mr. Roy Finch suggests:

"Berlin must be taken out of the hands of both Russia and the Western powers so that what happens there does not automatically involve the total prestige of both sides. The neutrality of Berlin must be established in an ironclad way beyond all possibility of subversion or further threats and military build-ups. This step, in turn, could lead to the withdrawal of all foreign troops from both Germanies and the establishment of a zone of peace in central Europe. From this zone of peace could come a world of peace tomorrow."

My own idea in this connection is that one could move the United Nations to Berlin to give that city an even more neutral character, and that one could establish an International University there, with students and professors from all parts of the world. An East-West Institute, where learned men from the East and from the West may come to terms with each other's ideas, could ideally be located in Berlin.

Certainly the freedom of West Berlin, which the United States has promised to protect, cannot be served by a war in which Germany would be totally destroyed. Governments may exchange threats over Berlin as if it were a sort of a game. However, *people* do the dying in a war, fathers, mothers, grandparents, and children, and all those people around the world who are innocent bystanders to our quarrels but whose bodies are as sensitive as ours to the radioactivity which would be scattered abroad.

The U.S.S.R. fears a Germany which is part of NATO and will be armed with nuclear weapons. Therefore the United States demand for German self-determination by means of an election in which the larger NATO-allied West Germany would dominate the smaller Communist East Germany is unacceptable to the USSR.

The United States should place the Berlin problem before the U.N. Security Council and request the U.N. to substitute its own supervisory forces for those of both the U.S.S.R. and the Western Powers within all of Berlin and take control of access routes to the city. This would satisfy the United States' proper insistence that West Berlin's freedom be guaranteed.

The neutralization and demilitarization of Berlin could well be followed by making the whole of Germany part of a demilitarized zone in Central Europe under U.N. supervision. This would meet the U.S.S.R.'s natural fear of a rearmed Germany.

This procedure would prevent the USSR from turning on new German crises at will. It would also prevent the possible use of force by Germany to reestablish her pre-war boundaries. It would allow East and West Germany a chance to grow together in peace, looking toward their eventual reunification.

James P. Warburg, one of the nation's foremost analysts of foreign affairs, and the author of many books on the subject, in the September 1961 issue of "The Progressive" makes an excellent study of all the factors leading to the present stalemate in Berlin. I shall limit myself to quoting only some of his constructive recommendations regarding the future of that city.

"If we want to settle the German question we must make up our minds as to which we want—reunification or the preservation of a West German participation in NATO. We cannot have both. Either choice has its clear implications as to the future

of Berlin. If we seek reunification at the price of giving up a German military contribution to West European defense, then we have a good case for insisting upon the preservation of the status quo in Berlin pending the reestablishment of Berlin as the capital of a reunited German nation. If we give up the hope of reunifying Germany for the sake of keeping West Germany in NATO, then we must recognize the existence of the East German state, accept the partition of Germany as more or less permanent, and reconcile ourselves to the fact that we cannot in the long run hope to maintain a Western enclave of freedom in the heart of a Communist state. This may not be the legal position, but such is the hard, common-sense reality.

"The advantages of the first alternative would be that it would not only preserve the Western position in Berlin but that it would once and for all solve the larger problem of Germany. In addition it would reduce cold war tensions by creating a militarily neutralized area between Russia and Western Europe. The best opportunity to explore this type of approach was provided in 1957-58, when Poland put forward the Rapacki Plan for the denuclearization of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the two German states. Somewhat similar proposals were made by Hugh Gaitskell, leader of the British Labor Party, and by George F. Kennan, former US ambassador to Moscow.

"Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana was magnificently right in recognizing the need for a new Western initiative. One may question whether the proposal to make all of Berlin into an internationally guaranteed free city meets the need—whether there can be any solution for the problem of Berlin except in the context of a solution to the problem of Germany.

"It is an interesting though discouraging fact that the Senator's proposal has been criticized, not on its merits, but on the ground that *any new approach would constitute a sign of Western weakness.*

"It is not sufficient to 'wait and see' what Khrushchev will actually do during the coming months. *The time has come for the West at long last to take the initiative away from the Kremlin.*

EPILOGUE

*To smash the simple atom
All mankind was intent.
Now any day
The atom may
Return the compliment.*

"The most significant fact about a world nuclear war (quoting Mr. Cousins once more) is that it has not yet begun. There is no more important fact in the world today than this. The human race has not yet been decimated. The cities still stand. The incredibly glorious works of the human mind have not yet been pulverized.

"It is not too late."

Parents!

The greatest enemy is war itself.

Let us become aware, and make others aware, of the seriousness of the situation.

Let us not permit the human race to be sacrificed to the arms race!

Let us worry less about getting a cold than about getting annihilated!

Let us worry less about saturated fats than about our air becoming saturated with radioactive fallout!

Let us stop fighting cancer until we have stopped the willful production of it!

Let us stop planning for our children's college education until we have done our individual share to assure that they will even live to college age!

Let us stop professing on Sundays to love our neighbors, when on Mondays we stock our shelters with guns! Let us stop professing on Sundays to love our enemies when all week long we contemplate their annihilation!

The Russian people are not at liberty to question and advise their leaders, but we are obligated to challenge *ours* to engage

in more imaginative thinking and planning, lest our children, if they survive at all, will someday accuse us as we young Germans accused our parents.

Let us prove to be worthy of the responsibilities our freedoms place upon us by refusing to be satisfied with only the information the editors of daily papers see fit to share with us. It may be the truth but very often it is not the whole truth!

Let us not value these freedoms and responsibilities as cheaply as to say that there is nothing we, as individuals can do!

Let each of us, instead, say with Dr. Albert Schweitzer: "I raise my voice in warning of the danger!"



Shall our children live . . .



. . . in such cities?

Let us inform ourselves, and then let us make our voices heard to appeal with positive constructive ideas to the minds and hearts of parents everywhere!

It is not—yet—too late!